

SEEING THINGS WITH THE GOOGAN GIRLS

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THE GOOGAN GIRLS,

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Studio 365

Tallest Building

THE GIRLS GIVE MOTOR ADVICE—AT FANCY PRICES.

By Helena Smith Dayton.

Pictures by Angie Breakpear.

"The only thing people would rather pay for than get for nothing is advice," remarked Tilly Googan sagely, as she studied the appointment book. "Here are seven persons coming for our opinion this afternoon!"

"Who are they—and what about?" demanded Lilly. "You made the appointments while I was away—"

"Losing the Googans' hard-earned dollars," supplemented Tilly. "But speaking of our clients, none of them stated their cases. There's a Mrs. Wheelton Pembroke—" Tilly read from the engagement book.

"Never heard of her," interrupted Lilly. "No doubt she wants us to arrange for her presentation at court, having heard we can do any kind of a stunt."

"And Francois de Bois," continued Tilly.

"Probably seeking position to drive a French car on the strength of an excellent accent and charming manners," summed up Lilly. "Knowledge of car not considered necessary."

"Ralph Southworth, at 3:30," Tilly read off, briskly.

"Elopement," sniffed Lilly. "Too impetuous to buy a car, and too lazy to want to run one, professionally!"

"Jonathan Hicks," triumphantly stated Tilly.

"Not the old horseman?" Incredulously demanded Lilly.

"The same," affirmed Tilly.

"Never mind reading any more names," gasped Lilly. "What on earth can Jonathan Hicks, sworn enemy of motors, want?"

"The brakes are on my imagination," admitted Tilly.

"We must have removed a few of his shoe buttons the last time we flew by him," sighed Lilly. "I'm afraid he means trouble!"

"There is a very important matter upon which I wish to consult you,"



Flossie Was Too Dressy a Dog for Every Day Motor Use.

said Mrs. Wheelton Pembroke, taking a list from a pocket in her elaborate motor coat of pale lavender, at the same time throwing her lavender chiffon veil back from her face. "In the first place, what kind of a dog do you consider most appropriate to take in an auto car? Of course, I have Flossie with me when I drive, but she isn't tailor-made enough looking for motoring; her long, white silk coat is more dressy and correct for a horse-drawn vehicle, or even an electric victrola, but I want to get a dog that will look smart in an auto. Now, what would you suggest?"

"To sit in the car or run beside?" asked Lilly.

"In the car, to be sure," replied the fair client. "I want it for company. Since I became rich my old friends

think I am trying to patronize them if I am friendly, and I haven't been accepted among the Others."

The disgust faded out of the Googans' faces; there was, after all, something pathetic about the frivolous little creature.

"We will give you a prescription for just the kind-of dog—you are seeking," said the Googan Girls. They held a brief consultation on the side, then handed Mrs. Pembroke an envelope with an address written on the outside.

"On condition you will not open this envelope until you arrive at your destination," cautioned the Googans.

Mrs. Pembroke promised.

"If this doesn't please you, come back and we'll try again," smiled Lilly and Tilly, as she went out declaring her intention of going after "the darling" at once.

"Is it far to the kennels?" she asked, studying the address. "Queer I've never heard of it."

When Mrs. Pembroke's driver stopped before a great brick institution Mrs. Pembroke frowned with annoyance.

"This can't be the place, Charles," she complained. "It's an asylum."

Charles handed her the envelope and pointed without a word to the clearly written street and number. There was no mistake on Charles' part, at least. Hastily Mrs. Pembroke tore open the note. This is what she read:

"Why not take a little orphan out riding? They are much better companions than dogs. We hope you'll try it. The Googans."

"Of all the impertinence—" began Mrs. Pembroke, and stopped. She



Jonathan Hicks Had Been Hit with the Motor Craze.

alighted from the car, went slowly up the smoking hot walk, and rang the bell.

Francois de Bois bowed himself into the Googan's studio with many apologies.

"It is that I came right from the garage and could not to dress up," he sighed.

"You're all right," encouraged the Googans. "Now tell us the trouble."

"It is that madame would make me to teach the French to the children," he almost wept. "Mon Dieu! I say to her, 'Madame, I am not ze nursery governess, but ze chauffeur. I run ze car; is that not enough—too much? Non? It ees too much. I protest.' Madame, she had ze grand indignation. M'sieur, he laugh, when I make ze complaint. I say, 'What did you hire me for then?' He laugh some more and say: 'Because Madame says you speak ze parfait Francois!' Ugh!" There was an expressive shrug of French shoulders. "Now what shall I do? My dignity as a chauffeur!"

"You would like another position?" queried Tilly. "Very well. There's an opening with—"

"But I do not wish to leave them," protested Francois. "I am so attached to the children. Oh, that little Thomas and la petite Sadie!" His sentimental eyes filled with tears.

Lilly and Tilly looked at each other with twinkling smiles.

"Think how nice it will be when you can chat with the children in your native tongue!" reminded Lilly.

"It would be to be nice," he admitted. "But if madame had not overlooked my rights as a chauffeur and made little of my dignity!"

"When you and the children are conversing in French and madame cannot understand one word, then it will be her dignity that suffers," suggested Tilly. "It would be an excellent joke on madame."

"I will to do it!" cried Francois, springing to his feet. "Oh, a thousand pardons, and a ten thousand thanks, dear, dear young ladies!"

"Thank heaven his dignity has been saved!" murmured Lilly, when the dapper foreigner had again bowed himself out.

Ralph Southworth sauntered in

about 15 minutes late, a circumstance not apt to ingratiate him in the Googans' good graces.

"I want," he stated pompously, "introductions to people who own motor cars. This is a business transaction, so I will speak frankly. I am always very popular socially, so the bargain will not be a bad one for those to whom you make me known. I enjoy automobiling and should like to go on several tours this summer. There is no way for me to gratify this ambition unless it is through the kindness of more fortunate friends. You are to supply the acquaintances who have cars. That ought not to be a difficult matter for such clever experts in motoropathy!"

"It's very simple," smiled Lilly Googan—but those who knew her were generally wary of that particular kind of smile.

"We can put you in immediate communication with a car owner," said Tilly, after a hurried and whispered consultation with her sister.

"Good!" cried Mr. Southworth enthusiastically. "Can't begin too soon to get solid."

It was not until Mr. Southworth closely examined the two letters of introduction given him by the Googans that he realized he had been "stung," as he called it. One was to the owner of a sight-seeing vehicle, the other was to the driver of a motor police patrol. Inclosed was also the consultation fee he had left upon the studio table.

"Smart Alecks must be dealt with according to their desserts," argued the Googan Girls.

Jonathan Hicks drew a fancy plaid

screwed taking down the medium sized picture of Pharaoh's ponies in the dining room. "Where you going to hang it to show it off better?" I ask, unsuspicious as a lamb. "Down in your office, with the other eight," says Mabel, chipper as you please. "Why?" says I. "Because I've got something more up to date to put in their places," she answers as cool as a cucumber. "Some stunning art nouveau pictures of motor cars!" "Oh, have you?" I ask sarcastic. "Well, we'll see about this," I let her can those horse pictures—but



The Googans Spent the Day Giving Motor Prescriptions.

you've got to save me from buying a car!" He looked beseechingly at the Googans.

"We have already enlisted on your daughter's side to sell you one!" gently Tilly broke the news to the lover of horses. "Now, seeing you are here, suppose you look at catalogues and we'll tell you all about the best cars and—"

Jonathan Hicks stared at the Sisters Googan for several seconds, then he said with wonderful resignation:

"I suppose it might as well be now as any time!"

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TRY THIS ON YOUR LINE.

A Home-Made Line Lightning Arrester for the Telephone.

On rural telephone lines where protecting devices are not used in the exchange and where trouble is frequently caused by lightning, a simple and easily applied arrester can be made by Lightning Arrester on Rural Line. any village tinsmith. All the materials necessary are a tin tube 20 inches in length, two No. 4 porcelain knobs and a ground wire.

The tube should be fastened in the same manner as a stovepipe and just large enough to admit the porcelain knobs, says the American Telephone Journal. Insert a knob in each end of the tube and with a pair of pliers or a hammer gently force the tin down into the grooves of the knobs at each end. This will secure the knobs in position.

The completed arrester is then placed on the line wire, one section from the head, by slipping the line wire through the screw holes of the porcelain knobs, in the manner shown. The ground wire should be wrapped around the tube tightly about six times and soldered. It is then run down the pole to a well-made ground. A No. 12 galvanized iron wire serves this purpose the best. All of the arresters on the pole may be connected to the one ground wire.

This comparatively crude arrester, while not making an extraordinarily handsome appearance, serves the purpose of keeping the line discharge below the striking point and of diverting the major portion of any such discharges away from the exchange arresters and the arresters on the telephones.

TROUBLES OF MANY TOWNS.

Earthquakes in Tokio, Mistral in Marseilles, Fog in London.

There are many towns which may be said to have chronic troubles. London's trouble is fog. Tokio's trouble is earthquakes. In the worst earthquake which visited Tokio 200,000 residents were killed.

Calcutta's trouble is cholera, and the bubonic plague is the trouble of Bombay. Each city pays to its trouble an annual tribute of 9,000 souls.

Madrid's trouble is the solano, a summer wind from the southeast. It is exceedingly hot and is accompanied by blinding choking clouds of dust, so that, notwithstanding a temperature of 105 to 110 degrees, all windows must be closed during the solano, and every citizen must stay indoors and muffle up his head in flannels.

The mistral is the trouble of Marseilles—an east wind that, when it blows steadily, increases the city's death rate 50 per cent.

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident and visitor, leaving a button-shaped permanent scar.

Mandalay's trouble is mosquitoes, the largest, boldest and most rapacious in the world. Agra's trouble is heat. The annual mean temperature of Agra is 85 degrees in the shade.—N. Y. Tribune.

New Industries.

Tunis used to depend upon its wines, olives, cereals and cattle. Now there are a number of profitable mines, and railways are being built to exploit them.

TATTOOING CRAZE

DISFIGURING ONE'S SKIN NOW THE PROPER THING.

Americans in Europe Seem to Have Gone Mad Over the Subject According to an Authority in London.

Americans have gone tattoo mad. Such is the inference to be drawn from a recent conversation with Alfred South, a famous English and continental tattooist. According to the artist the rich have stolen the thunder of the poor. The practice of covering the body with elaborate designs, which was supposed to be the special weakness of the low-class sailor, has ascended the social ladder and is now the amusement of the aristocracy.

Certain well-known Americans, if we are to believe Mr. Smith, would present the appearance of animated picture galleries could we see them in the nude. Their backs, chests, legs and arms are covered with crouching tigers, poised snakes and more or less beautiful women. The son of one of the largest watch manufacturers in the United States, who is many times a millionaire, had a fac simile of his father's particular brand of timepiece tattooed on his chest by Mr. South. He had the hands showing the hour to be exactly 12 and remarked that no matter where he was he could always refer to it at exactly that time of day and always correct his fallible timepiece.

Many Americans have commissioned Mr. South to tattoo copies of pictures by their favorite artist on their shoulders, chests or backs. In this respect Charles Dana Gibson easily leads the field as the most popular American draughtsman. One American millionaire, a crack rifle shot and premier horse owner, is the proud possessor of a "Gibson Girl" on his left shoulder.

It seems that many Americans have had their full names tattooed on their wrists and forearms. Mr. South says he has many American women as customers. They are more sentimental than the sterner sex, according to the artist, and they run to names, or the private crests of their sweethearts. The work is usually done on the legs, but many of the fairer sex are having elaborate designs executed on their backs. In this as in other walks of life fair woman has lived up to her reputation for a chameleonlike state of mind, for the artist declares he has several times changed the name of a sweetheart for women customers.

The tattooing craze appears to be even more advanced in England and on the continent than in the United States. Here it seems to have touched even the highest rung of the social ladder. The prince of Wales himself is said to have some most artistic work on his arm, while the crown princess of Denmark, Lady Cornwallis West and members of the royal family of Russia are said to be devotees of the craze. Some of them are even said to have become adept at the art itself.

Among society at the present time problems in bridge are especially popular as subjects for the tattoo artist. One woman recently had "her last will and testament" in four colors and many elaborations, tattooed on her back. Religious devotees have peculiar hobbies, and a particularly pious old lady recently had a likeness of her priest tattooed on her arm by Mr. South.

Shanghai Fears the Tram.

An electric tramway service will probably be started in Shanghai soon. A native paper has been urging the Chinese guilds to organize a boycott of the trams, and it declares that the dangers from the speed of the trams and live wires must cause innumerable fatal accidents.

Greenbacks Are Tough.

That Uncle Sam's notes stand a great deal of rough and careless handling is a fact that impresses itself upon any one who has ever chanced to note the manner in which the average cashier pulls and jerks the bills before he pushes them through the window to the waiting patron. A single treasury note measures three and one-eighth inches in width by seven and a quarter inches in length. It will sustain without breaking lengthwise a weight of 41 pounds, crosswise a weight of 21 pounds.

Sultan Plays Tennis.

The sultan of Morocco is quite a fair tennis player, shoots well, rides a bicycle, and is enormously interested in automobiles, which, but for the lack of roads, he would in all probability have gone in for long ago.

Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria has formed a league to promote the wearing of shorter skirts. The kaiserin and other prominent women are said to be in entire sympathy with the movement.